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Outside the door to our office (below),
the mailman had piled packages and en-
velopes of poetry, paintings, photos,
sketches, and sculpture. Totalling over
3000 pieces, all were the creative expres-
sion of high school youth in the U. S.
and Canada, who were entering our mag-
azine's 1969 Creative Arts Competition.
In our Creative Arts One issue of YOUTH
(dated September 14, 1969), we shared the
first group of what we considered the
best entries. In this Creative Arts Two
issue, we share more of the best. And
we still have some creative gems left
over for future use. In the meantime, be
alert to forthcoming announcements about
our 1970 Creative Arts Competition.
Share how you feel and think through
your own creative way.



A LONELY TEEN'S PRAYER

BY ELLEN RENEE SHILT

I stayed home from school today, Lord, and I wasn't sick. I faked a sore throat, and talked Mom into letting me stay here today. Somehow, when I got up this morning, I knew I wouldn't make it through the day. I had to get out; had to pick myself up and put the pieces back together again. The thought of pushing my way to classes through two thousand carbon-copies of myself was enough to make me lose my mind.

What is it that they want from me? My parents, my teachers, my friends, are all pushing for something from me: more responsibility, better grades, more dates; but they don't seem to care whether these things are right for me. I'm being cornered, pressed into a mold, and I'm very afraid of coming out just like everyone else. I'm afraid of this thing called the "American Success Syndrome," where everyone has bulging bill-folds, but empty hearts, and top executive positions, but broken spirits. How I envy those people who live like the lilies! They seem so happy and free, living life as it comes to them.

Am I being selfish, in wanting to live my own life? Or am I being lazy in not always living up to their expectations? Sometimes it seems like they expect so much! Help them to understand what it's like to be confused, like I am now.

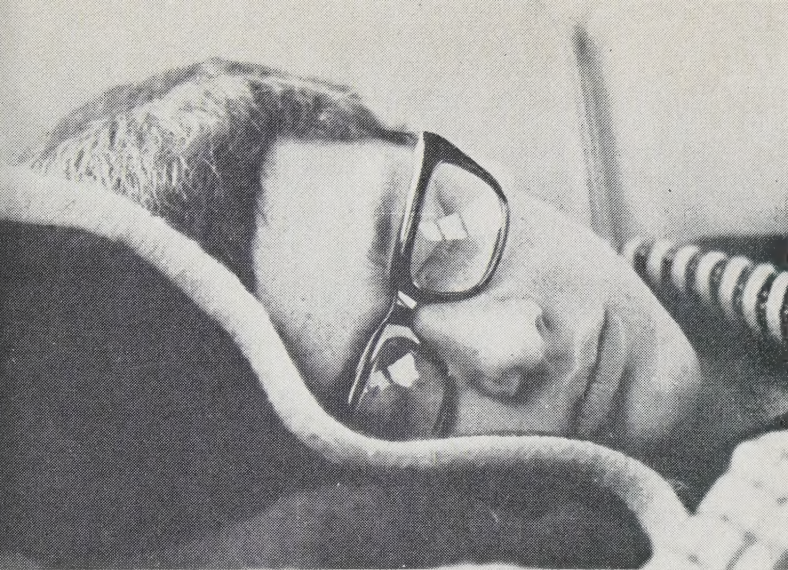
Lord, be with me when I go back tomorrow; help me fight to keep my identity and originality in a world that's full of imitations. I want to be different!

SO I COULD REMEMBER
BY JEANNETTE HORTH



TOADSTOOLS BY BOB McMULLEN

I offered him friendship, for that I could
give—but he turned away,
He wanted love and I—I did not have it.
I could not bring myself to cheat him—
and offer love I did not have.
Why could he not take what I had to give?
Could he not see that my friendship was more
dear than love? For my love is fake and like
the delicate flower that blooms—then withers
and—dies.
He could not live with my love for he would
build upon it, hopes, that could never exist—
and upon awakening from his dream—would hate
my very soul.
So I did let him go, so that he could forget
—and I—could remember.



PEACE ASLEEP BY SUSAN FARRINGER

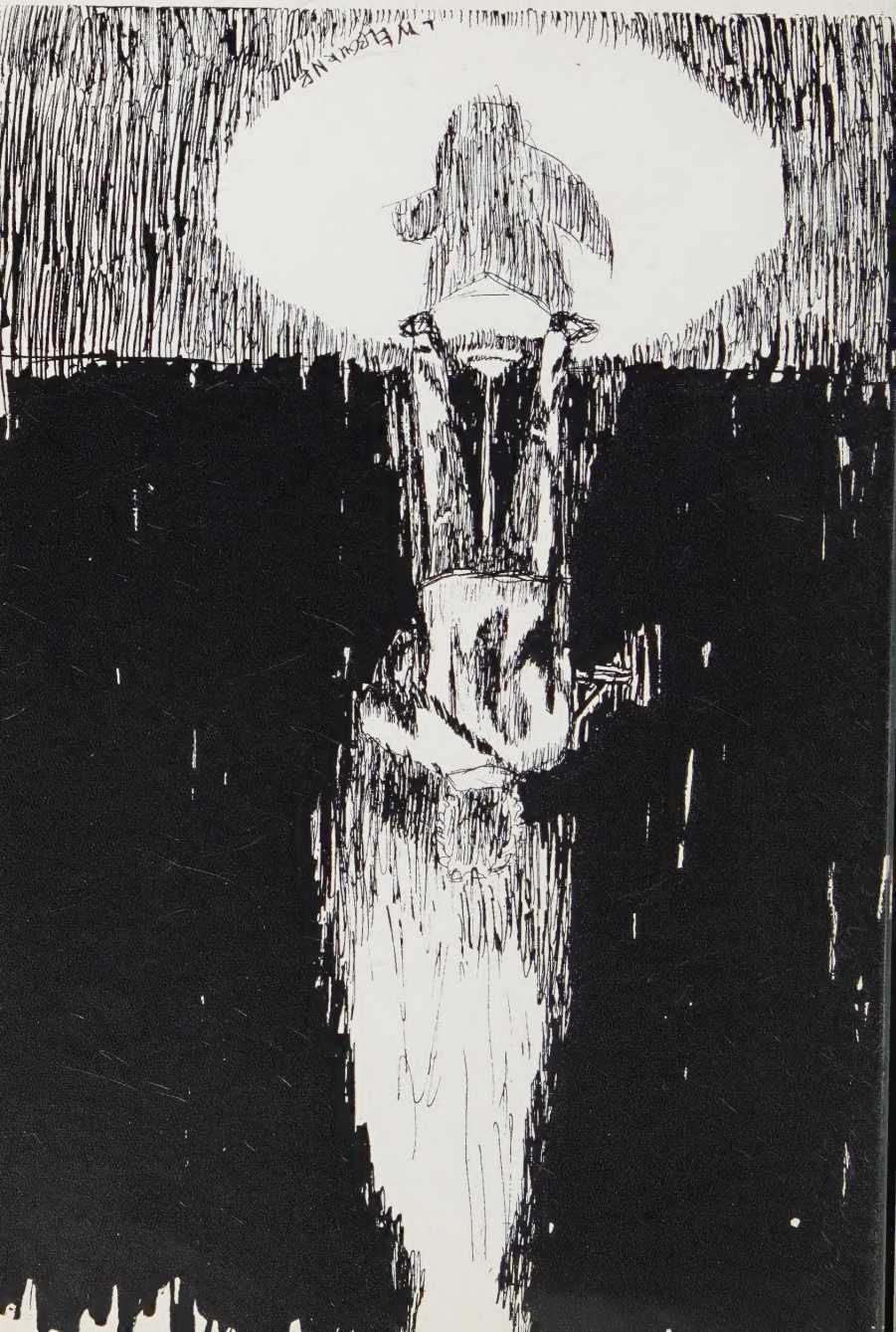
FINITE

BY JEFF BLAIR

eternity
without a kiss
is like
a sugar sandwich
without the sugar

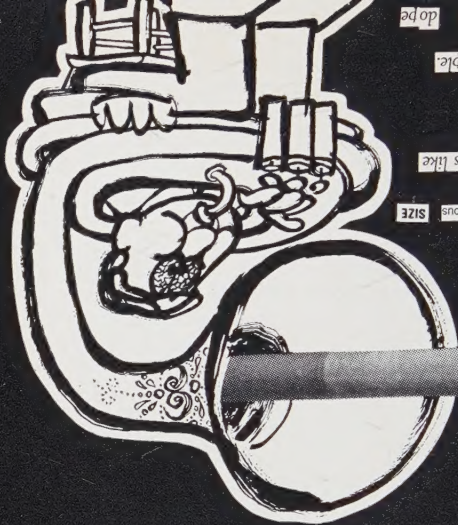
LANIE BY CAROL HICKS





To walk the windy desert beach
 on a frozen summer afternoon
 as meticulous parasites
 tear holes in my tired mind
 To gaze into the face of my neighbor
 and see nothing, save his delusion
 as his contumacious smile
 rots upon his lips
 To pick up any newspaper
 and find Ptolemy flinging mud-balls at Copernicus
 and the long-awaited obituary
 of Methuselah
 To sense the chronic lack of continuity
 in my elastic world
 as the Father of my morning
 wants my child to the night
 To hate in my own notoriety
 when much too familiar strangers
 dissect and ridicule me
 with their dissonant deceitful song of changes
 To fend my loneliness
 in my delirium
 as the blood rushing to my brain
 is diluted by the tears of boredom
 To swallow the dreadfully bitter pill of reality
 then feel my heart decompose
 as apathy, like a plague,
 infects my bowels
 To reach within
 and grasp what remains
 of a rotted and impotent mind
 that died in lethargy
 To stand alone
 on the decrepit dock
 and watch the snow-white gull of integrity
 excrete my soul
 To search God's sea-green eyes
 and touch His metaphysic wrinkles
 then shudder
 beneath His frozen smile
 To hear the necromancer of the underworld
 in his biting voice
 call my name out loudly
 and be stifled in the languid darkness
 To gaze deeply into life's dusky mirror
 and see only a pallid sneering shell
 a translucent visage
 not nearly a man
 To be

The Great American Spirit.



Because people feel the way they do about
 smoking we invented this new outrageous size
 cigarette and holder. It looks like
 a luxury. But it's possibly the most
 deadly thing ever invented for people.
 it's more convenient. And costs less than dope

CRESCENDO BY P. J. PIERSON

There is noise
 (there is always noise)
 There are people
 (there are always people)
 No air
 (there is never air)
 It is loud
 loud
 loud
 The music, is it a song?
 people, smoke
 stop please stop
 I have to think think
 can't I be alone?
 decide
 decide
 DECIDE
 DECIDE
 please go away . . . please
 DECIDE

The execution is different,
but the concept is basically the same.

But of all the reasons for not buying it, the best one is still how you feel about dying of

Lung

Cancer

ADVERTISEMENT BY WYNDHAM TRAXLER

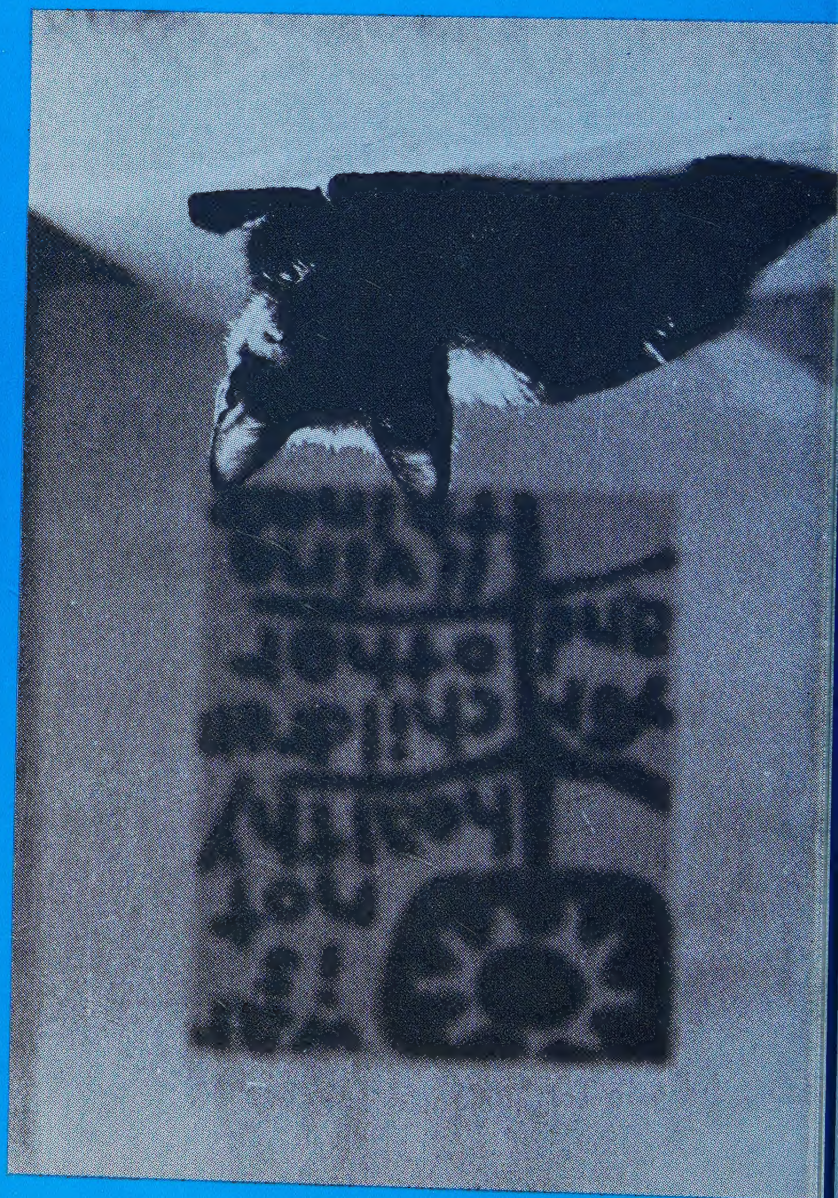
GLITTER

BY CHARLIE DICKINSON

I was once asked,
Sir? Do you wish glitter
On your package?
Oh! What is this glitter?
Glitter?
Glitter, sir, is the added
Beauty that enhances
The already proud and sentimental
Lines of the package!
I found out then what
Glitter was. It represented
To me the falsehood and
Lying that overshadows
All the goodness in the world;
The people whose reputations
Are so spotless that they
Would not reach out a
Hand to a drowning man
In fear of getting the most
Minute, inconceivably
Small drop of water on it.
No, damn you, I want
No glitter on my package!
I have already seen
Enough.

BY GALE GRAHAM

a child cried
a soft wind blew
a man died
but no one knew . . .
i wonder why
this thing exists
that a man could die
and not be missed . .



PHARISEE'S PRAYER BY ELLEN RENEE SHILT

Fa-ther, I thank thee I am not like o-ther men. 1) A
 Phar-i-see stood be-fore the tem-ple one mor-nig, Pray-ing out loud for
 all who stood near. He made one mis-take, that law lov-ing tea-cher, He
 prayed out of pride, so God did-n't hear. Fa-ther, I thank thee
 I am not like o-ther men. 2) Je-sus just sighed, He told all the peo-ple
 When you pray, don't do it like he. Go to your room and lock all the win-dows,
 Make your con-fes-sions in se-cre-cy. Fa-ther, for-gi-ve me
 I have sinned a-gainst man. 3) Like the bi-gots of our time, the Phar-i-see prayed against Sa-
 mar-i-tans, to-day it's the Blacks. Where will it end, this cy-cle of ha-ting?
 Help us to ne-ver, on need, turn our backs. Fa-ther, I thank thee
 I am not like o-ther men. Fa-ther, for-gi-ve me,
 I have sinned a-gainst man. Have mer-cy on me!



What did she expect to find?
Perhaps discarded melon rinds
or, even clattered minds.

On the shelves
I kept only bank receipts,

and calendars,
a pile of assorted magazines in assorted colors,
and one, only one very ancient American
flag of the year 1969.

What did she expect to find.

DID YOU EVER WANT TO CRY?

BY JEAN R. MINEAU

I firmly believe that no one should pretend to be something that they aren't. I know, I've tried it. When I say tried, I mean tried but failed. Well, anyway, this is just taking me in circles, if I want to get anything straight I'll have to start at the beginning.

About two weeks ago I was supposed to meet a gentleman. At least that's what my best (ex-best, rather) girlfriend told me. (By the time I'm through you'll know why I don't take her advice anymore.) My girlfriend had told me all about him and I'll admit he really did sound like a good catch. She said that he was tall, dark and handsome, but, of course, I never found out. Oh, I went out with him all right, but I never got a good look at him. Maybe I'd better explain that, because you're lost, right?

Well, see, I wear glasses, or should I say windows, because there's enough glass in each one for a picture window. I kid you not. The lenses in each one must be four inches thick. I've thought



INDIGENCE WITH OPULENCE GROWS

BY DAVID MARLEY

of getting contacts, but I doubt if the prescription I'd need would fit in my eyeball. Anyway I really wanted to make an impression on this guy and my girlfriend knew it.

"Jane," my girlfriend said, "your glasses are no where. I mean, what guy wants to look through three glass doors to see what a girl's eyes look like? Why don't you leave your glasses home just for tonight and follow his lead."

I suppose that I should have known better, but she did make it sound easy enough. I mean, so what if I'm as blind as a bat and can't see three inches in front of my face. Big deal!

A half an hour before my gentle caller came I still wasn't altogether sure whether or not to leave my glasses home or to take them with me. So I finally decided on a compromise. I took my glass with me, but didn't wear them.

When Irving (somehow I just can't picture an Irving as being tall, dark and handsome, can you?) came for me, I was ready to conquer. We quickly left and I made it to his car without mishap. I had gone first and Irving just wasn't the gallant type and therefore didn't bother opening the car door for me. I could just barely make out a blur of silver against a burgundy background. I reached for it and sure enough, a swell of pride raced through me as I had found the door handle and let myself in the car.

"Anything wrong?" I heard Irving say.

"No, nothing," I answered. He muttered something and I thought to myself how far away he sounded. I slid halfway across the seat just for the sake of being able to hear him. Right now about all I could make out was the blur of street lights through the windshield. Irving said something again but I still couldn't hear him.

"Not close enough," I thought to myself and slid over farther until I felt a sharp protrusion in my ribs. I felt out the object, yup, that was a door handle all right. It took me about three minutes to figure out what a door handle was doing sticking in my left side when Irving was supposed to be sitting there. When it finally hit me I still didn't believe it. I extended my right hand hoping to feel a steering wheel but instead felt the cold vinyl of the front seat. Breaking out in a cold sweat and squinting violently, I could just barely make out Irving's broad figure sitting directly in front of me. Like a dumb dumb I just sat and prayed that we'd get to the restaurant before I started to cry. In a case like this there isn't too much else you can do besides pray. Believe me, sometimes prayers are answered. Within seconds the car stopped.

This time "gallant" Irving opened the door for me.

"My, I've never eaten here before," I said, hoping Irving would mention the name of the restaurant.

"I hope not." Irving replied. We were in front of a pet shop. Irving had parked a block away.

I walked the block to the restaurant with remarkable grace, tripped three times and only walked into one post.

When we finally arrived at the restaurant an air of confidence overwhelmed me. The soft music and warm atmosphere gave me a feeling of security almost too good to be true. Inside, I could make out the various shapes of tables, chairs and waiters. I even got the general layout of the place, kitchen to the front, dining room to the right and powder room to the left. We were seated almost immediately and once again disaster struck. The waiter placed the menu in my hands, which I opened to a great big blob of black and white. If I had used my head, I probably would have ordered the same as Irving but instead I blankly pointed to two or three things on the menu. I heard the waiter gulp noisily, but I looked up and smiled widely.

Irving and I made small talk until my soup came, pea soup that is and if there is anything that I don't love, it's pea soup. I knew that I had to eat it, though. I looked down for my spoon, knowing it was there somewhere. By this time I was so nervous I couldn't tell my right from my left. Believe me, you can't eat soup with a fork. If Irving noticed it, he didn't say anything. Of course, by this time he was probably afraid to.

On the second try I found my spoon and downed that ugly green pea soup. Just as I finished, our main course was served.—Lobster. I had ordered lobster! After pea soup! I was slowly getting ill. Lobster is hard enough to eat when a person can see; but when he can't, he may as well give up and cry.

I decided right then that was what I was going to do. I was going to excuse myself, go to the powder room, put on my glasses and CRY. And after that I was going to cry some more.

"Excuse me," I said, pushing back my chair and getting up at the same time. Using the directions I had figured out when I came in, I went directly straight until I came to a door. Opening it, a wave of relief overcame me as I heard the sound of running water, knowing I had made it to the bathroom. Digging furiously in my purse for my glasses, I made out three or four shapes standing before me. I promptly placed my thick lenses on my nose and watched a world of blurs turn into a world of clear-cut figures. Men figures, that is! Right away something told me I wasn't in the ladies' powder room.

"Crazy dame!" I heard one of the men mutter on my way out. I rushed past the coat racks, out the door, flagged a cab and went home. Funny, I've never seen Irving since. ▼





THE DANCERS BY WYNDHAM TRAXLER

DIGITAL

BY JEFF BLAIR

two hands,
ten fingers,
yours and mine,
seem to intertwine
just fine.



HARLEY NO. 35

BY BARRY M. PETERSON

Watching the glittering rays of sun reflecting off the purple metal-flaked tank of my Harley 250 half-miler made me wonder, "What the heck am I doing at the National Amateur event here in Santa Fe, like I'm going to win or something?" The way I've been riding lately I couldn't win a sportsmen race!

Riders walked past and threw short glances at my machine and me. I can just imagine what they're thinking: Dax Nix, the son of the great Freddy Nix, riding in his first National race. His old man won his first National; I wonder if he can?

My thoughts were interrupted here by a voice which I immediately recognized as my dad's.

"You ready for this one?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Well, the time trials start in about 30 minutes, so get your scooter ready to go."


I bent over my cycle, putting my stomach on the solo seat and dropping my head near the carburetor. I had to smile when dad's words came back to me, "your scooter." He always used scooter instead of machine or bike, and the sports writers coined this as his symbol. I can remember a few years back when I was 13, and he just finished winning the Daytona National for the third straight time. I had been in the winning circle with him when he said, "Well, guys, this is the last time you will have to worry about catching me on my scooter, because I'm not going to be riding it anymore; but in a couple years you will have to catch my son's." Here, he put his arm around me, and I'll never forget the look on his face. His eyes seemed to be piercing into my future and his face contained a wry but proud smile.

"Time trials will start after we get the last practice group off the tracks. The first rider will be Bruce Halensworth on a new Triumph 250, No. 67," the loudspeaker spit out.

My dad came running over from the riders' meeting. He always went instead of me.

"You're the fifth rider; get on your gear."

I already had my white leather padded pants on with their twin purple stripes running down the leg, so I walked slowly over to the truck and opened the cab door. I hesitated a moment. The revving of machines, popping off through the pit area, tensed



my nerves. I rubbed the back of my neck for a second then reached in for my matching leather jacket with its purple stripes and H-D and DAX printed in block letters across the chest and slipped it on. I grabbed my purple helmet with the white scalloping and tugged outward on the straps to get it on; and then pulling on my tight black leather gloves, I said to myself, "Well, Dax baby, this is it! It's all up to you now."

Then I saw No. 67 pull into the pits. I walked over to my cycle and through the clear snap-on shield, I noticed my dad, who gave me a nod of his head as I straddled my already running machine. With a slight motion of my right hand the engine roared and I was off for the time trials. . . .

Sixth fastest man in the time trials wasn't bad, I thought, but my dad's thoughts were different. "She just didn't slide out there. She didn't move. You looked like you were out on a Sunday ride." This little speech of his seemed to stick in my head for some unknown reason. I tried to reassure myself with the fact that I had made it, since the first seven men of the time trials were automatically in the finals because of the new A.M.A. rule.

My dad came over to where I was standing and said, "Those two Halensworth kids look good." Halensworth projected into my mind, oh yeah! They were No. 1 and No. 2 in the time trials; also first and second in the National standings, with me third.

"But," Dad went on, "they both ride high into the corners and come out slow and also shift late."

Good old dad, he always picked up the little important things.

"All riders please get ready for the 20-mile final. Come out in assigned positions."

I got up from adjusting my steel shoe, and Dad's words seemed muffled as he shouted over the whining of the engines, "Son, ride hard and fast. Save your engine and be No. 1."

There were eleven riders spread across the starting line, ten- sion engraved in each one of their faces, which I could feel was my own expression as well. I looked to my left, and I saw Bruce Halensworth, 67, whose mouth curved into a sneering kind of smile. On my right was Dick, his brother, 73, who just stared straight ahead.

A man in white stood in front of us now with a matching white flag. He was eagerly waving it about his head. All the

riders crouched down and revved up their machines. As the flag dropped, the rear tires dug small deep trenches in the hard red clay, and the Halensworth brothers popped into first and second as far as I could see. I sat fourth going into the first corner.

My engine was whinnying, the tack was going into the red at 12000 RPM as I popped it into fourth coming out of the corner. The third place man was about 20 feet ahead of me, but he was spitting dirt onto my helmet as we approached the corner.

"He's drifting high, come on, Dax, punch it," I commanded myself. My hand automatically cranked on the throttle, and my steel shoe hit the track as I took the corner. He was still ahead as we drew farther from the corner, but I knew my powerful Harley would outmatch his Ducatti on the straight and it sure did. I shot by the grandstand entering the corner, and all I could see was the flag man. The fans were only a blur as I dropped my machine into third. The Halensworth brothers were entering the straight as I was going into the corner. "A Sunday ride, like a Sunday ride," started to throb in my brain. Sunday ride? . . . I'll show 'em that I'm not on a Sunday ride!

My engine screamed down the straights and the back tire slid perfectly with the front tire, hanging in the groove on every corner. I rode with the tack needle into the danger red zone to gain on them.

I was inching up on Bruce Halensworth and finally on the eleventh lap I was five to six feet off his rear tire. He started, then, to ride more defensively. We stayed in this battle for about two laps when I remembered, "high into the corners and come out low." Well, might as well try it!

We entered the next corner. I slipped my steel shoe quickly off the footpeg and shifted all the machine's weight onto my flexed leg. Then I struck my front wheel inside of his back tire. I could feel the rear tire grasping for traction, and we both turned it on. We were about three to six inches apart when we both slid back on our small padded seats attached to the rear fender and then we both, at the same instant, cranked it on down the straight. My powerful Harley pulled about a two-foot lead on him as I entered the corner. I had him, I knew I did!

With about five laps left I was about one half of a straight away from the leader, Dick Halensworth. I had to catch him. I cranked it wide open down the straights, and never before had I gone so fast into the corners. "They both ride high and shift late," spurted into my mind again. Two laps to go and I'm on his tail. Gotta open it up.

I tried the same maneuver I did against Bruce, but it didn't work. . . . No wonder he's No. 1. One lap to go, two corners, two straights, gotta, just gotta catch him.

We were both riding hard but no one made any headway. In spite of the transparent shield, I could feel the dust, some sucking up into my nostrils, the rest plastering on my dry lips. Last corner! gotta shoot it. Again I put my front wheel inside his back wheel and just cranked it on and prayed. . . . He's going high, my last chance, pour it on!

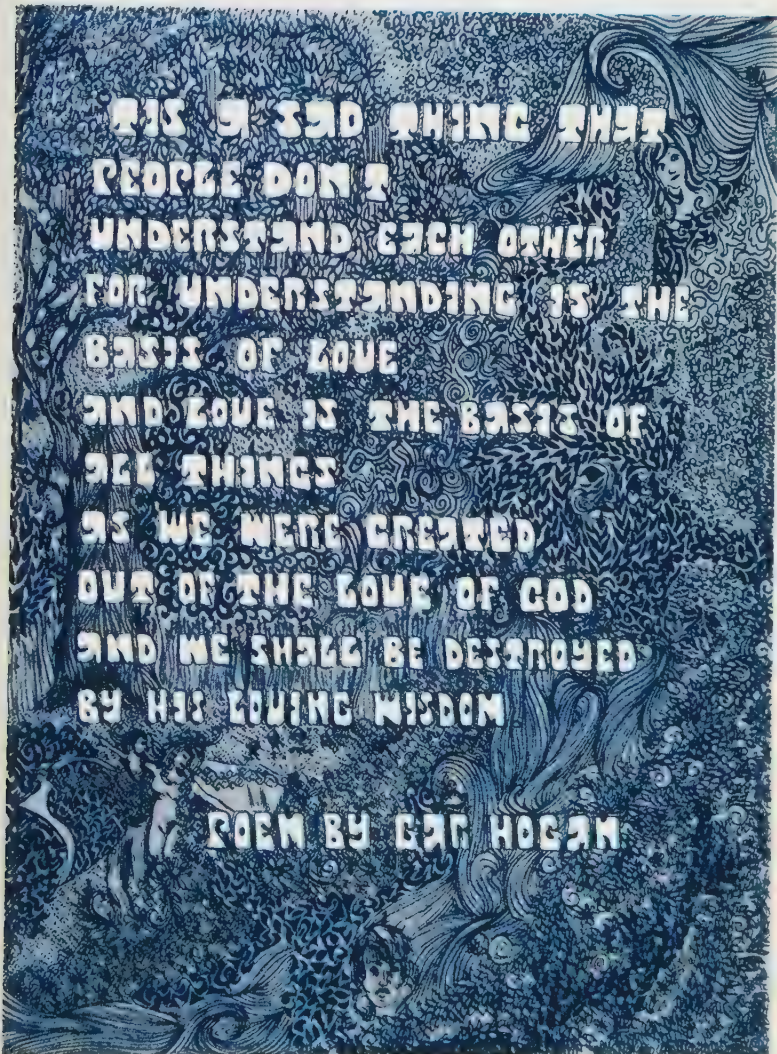
He quickly realized his mistake and started coming down from his high position. I automatically stuck out my leg to fence him off, and he stayed high in the turn. I heard him shift. He's shifting early, I realized. I've got him, I've got him now. We were side by side. I popped her into fourth and was slowly inching away. One hundred yards to the finish line, my first National win. What the . . . ? my engine! . . . not now, baby! . . . I coasted across the finish line and into the pits with my gas line spitting the little gas I had left onto the smooth track. My machine slowed down as I pulled in the clutch and stopped next to the black and white truck. I saw Dick Halensworth pull triumphantly into the winners' circle. As I slumped over the handlebars, all my muscles ached.

"Tough break," and "better luck next time," came with small pats on my helmet and my back.

"Son," I heard my dad's voice come through the helmet, "second is better than nothing. You rode hard out there, and I'm proud of you. You made some pretty good moves out there which shows that you are using your head. Maybe next time. Let's chalk this one up to experience. Now let's go over and see the winner."

I hardly pulled at the straps of my helmet and tugged it off. I had to fight the tears back as we walked. I felt like screaming at the whole world because of my loss. Immediately a path appeared for us. I side stepped a couple of people, and I got to where Dick was standing; but I felt like turning back. His face was covered with dirt except where he wore his goggles. As I was shaking his hand, I noticed a hint of embarrassment in his expression because of my stupid mistake of not checking the gas.

Over the conversation I heard one of the fans say, "See that Nix kid, he rides just like his old man. . . ." That statement released all the tension inside of me, and made me feel so proud to be the son of the great Freddy Nix. Yeah, maybe Dad's right—next year. I sure hope so. ▲



THIS IS THE THING THAT
PEOPLE DON'T
UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER
FOR UNDERSTANDING IS THE
BASIS OF LOVE
AND LOVE IS THE BASIS OF
ALL THINGS
AS WE WERE CREATED
OUT OF THE LOVE OF GOD
AND WE SHALL BE DESTROYED
BY HIS LOVING WISDOM

POEM BY CAR HOGAN

ODE TO A KITCHEN SINK
BY MEREDITH SIEBE

There's a place in a kitchen in a sink that I know
where the wild rose bloometh and the violets grow
where tiny fragile bubbles catch the morning sun
and the dirty spoons line up, one by one.
Oh, the smell of apple pastry is thick upon the air
and the sticky maple syrup is huddled sweetly there
and I glimpse an empty!igger and a heavy coffee cup
as I wade in mozzarella that was never cleared up.
The columbine and cowslips are lovingly entwined
round the unattended dishes and a watermelon rind
and whither did we wander, once, through streaks of April rain
but directly to the kitchen sink, and then, dear, back again?
For I could not leave that quiet place, nay, even if I tried
so I skip amongst the violets, with you, love, at my side;
the air is tinged with coffee grounds, and spicy orange peel,
and when I peer into the drain, I see you, darling, still.
And there are dirty dishes, love, enough to last the year
as I slosh among the dinner plates, and I can feel you near:
where tiny, fragile bubbles catch the morning sun
and the dirty spoons line up, one by one.



UKRAINIAN PEASANT BY KARLA YAROTSKY



ET CETERA

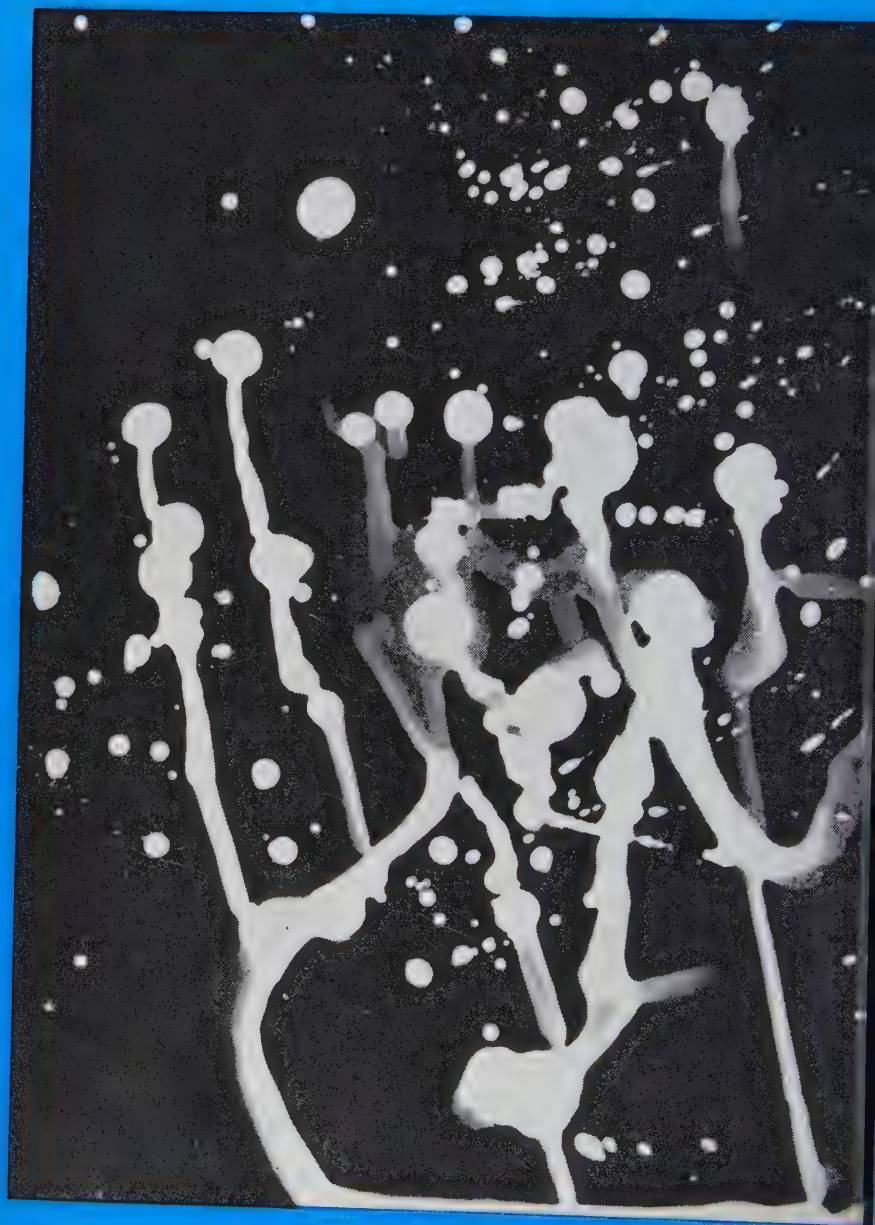
BY MEREDITH SIEBE

Et cetera is a spoonful of strawberry jam—
Ribbons, strings, a crow's nest—
And a beaver dam.

A bundle of twigs and two lit matches
Leaves, smiles, postage stamps
and iron-on patches.

Et cetera is packages the mailman brings
Band-aids, scratches, many other things.
Kids like to have it, (Et cetera is junk)—
Rubber bands, robins' eggs, a mildewy trunk.

Bagdad, broken glass, a scrap of real silk,
Fairy tales, screws and nails, dandelion milk
(etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.)



THE LAST MAN

BY DANIEL PRESTON

The city was like a dry, withered leaf; the kind that crumbles in your hand. For quite some time now, not a single cloud had darkened the sky. The dust in the gutters and streets lay undisturbed.

A lone man walked the streets. His clothes were faded, and worn away in several places. His tread was that of a strong but tired man. It implied that he was still young. But his face was far from young looking. It was old, and did not seem to belong to the rest of him. It was a lean and hungry face that showed he had been through much.

A dog padded along beside him. A scraggly, unfed cur with its tail in a half-beat wag. The dog watched the man, hoping the man would look down and say something nice, or pat its head. But the man paid no attention to the dog. And on they walked.

They came to an old cafe. The man stopped and went in. No one was there. No one could be. The dog wagged its tail a bit faster. The last time the man had stopped and entered a building there had been a small tidbit of meat for him. Old and hard. But it had tasted delicious to the dog. The man peered around in cupboards and shelves; the dog sniffed around on the floor. Nothing. The man searched in a back room. He soon returned from it with a sad look of acceptance on his thin, gaunt face. The dog's tail drooped. There would be no tidbit here.

The morning ended; the afternoon wore on; night began to fall. The man was tired. The dog's tail dragged behind him. The man pulled a blanket out from under his arm and slumped down onto the curb. He stared into the gutter for a while; then he unrolled the blanket. It was old and had several holes in it, but it kept him and the dog warm. He sank down on his back and pulled the blanket over himself. He lifted an edge of the blanket and the dog crawled underneath.

And as sleep began to steal over him, the man took a last look at the street and bombed out building, still glowing slightly. He thought of a verse he had once learned in school. He'd always liked it.

*"The stars are old
And old will be,
When time has ceased to fly.*

*The Earth is young
And old will be,
But even Man must die."*

He smiled and slept.

ALONENESS

BY BOB SHERMAN

my joys have faded
with the sun
and what is next
but to follow the path of day?
the bright love
of morning
is past
the grey rain of
afternoon—
so i shall take my world
my hopes
my dreams
and travel with the night
(for in its womb of darkness
i may take refuge)
perhaps
another
journeyer will pass with me
for a moment
but in eternity
i will go alone



METERED

BY JEFF BLAIR

I said to the cab driver
"Take me to my dreams"
"It'll cost you 50¢ a mile
with 25¢ every
quarter mile thereafter"
he said
I got out because I
couldn't afford it

LIFE GOES ON BY CATHY HESS



Creative expression is my outlet for things I usually wouldn't dare to say to people's faces. **JIM PIPER, ST. LOUIS, MO., 14:** I dedicate my work to the strangest, freest, widest animal that has ever walked this planet: man. **JEAN MINEAU, STURGEON BAY, WIS., 1** simply put myself in the place of a self-conscious girl who wore glasses and let my thoughts flow. It's that simple. **DAVID MARLEY, LINCOLN, NEB., 14:** These flowers represent two classes of society. One class has what it needs to be happy. The other class does not; it has had the bad breaks. Is this fair? **ANITA DOUTHAT, ALEXANDRIA, KY., 18:** My photography hobby, begun as a 4-H project, has led me into the fascinating and challenging field of design. **BARRY M. PETERSON, STURGEON BAY, WIS., 15:** Creative expression was introduced to me through our English II, College Prep Course teacher, Mr. Borcherdt. Coming from a motor-cycle family, I always had a lingering to write a story about cycles, and here I finally got my chance. **JANET ARMSTRONG, TAMPA, FLA., 17:** Working at a summer camp, I came in contact with Gar Hogan, a young boy about 13, who really touched a special spot inside me. He is the author of the poem which is in the midst of my art work. I wanted to do something special for Gar, and so "Homage to a Friend." **KARLA YAROSKY, NEW PROVIDENCE, N.J., 16:** "Ukrainian Peasant" means the most to me because it reflects the heritage I received from my grandparents since they, too, are Ukrainian. **MEREDITH SIEBE, PASCO, WASH., 15:** Our own kitchen was the inspiration for "Ode to a Kitchen Sink." It is the tender story of a young girl, chained to the dishwasher and trying to forget the mess in front of her (by dreaming of her Prince Charming). "Et Cetera" is a convenient word I use as sort of a "you-know-what-I-mean." Then I began to wonder just what I did mean. **DIANNE BRACEWELL, ROCHESTER, MICH., 16:** I'm not satisfied with the title "St. Peter's." I wanted it to be left open to the imagination, but sticking a title on kind of restricts it. **STEVE DOUTHAT, ALEXANDRIA, KY., 15:** My photography book was selected Kentucky 4-H State Champion this year and will compete in Chicago for national honors. **DANIEL PRESTON, GRAND FORKS, N. D., 15:** I am a fan of the fields of science fiction, fantasy, and horror and I publish my own literary magazine, called VORPLE. I started writing two years ago and have sold several stories (Entry: "The Last Man."). **BECKY CHAPMAN, MONROE, WIS., 18:** I draw my emotions. I try to show how I feel contrasting the old woman and the lamp against the darkness.

My confirmation class was given a chance
to express our beliefs in any type of medium,
and my beliefs in a creative stitchery entitled
"A Lonely Teen's Prayer" one evening
at our Youth Ministry meeting. In the
evening, I tried to say what I thought each
of us was thinking and feeling, but what none of
us would say.
I. MCMULLEN, MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, 15:
My block print I tried to show the beauty
of the small simple toolstool which most peo-
ple overlook.
ANNETTE HORTH, COVENTRY, CONN.:
Writing is my way of releasing my emotions
and thereby freeing myself. When I have been
tired, I sit down and write. It's as if I put the
thoughts on paper where they siting can no longer
bother my heart.
JAN FARRINGER, NORTH MANCHESTER,
IND. 17: "Peace Asleep" is of sleeping Tim
in an icy-cold Volkswagen busload of
blankets and luggage and blankets returning from
his lab. in New Windsor, Md., last Christmas.
F. BLAIR, EMPORIA, KAN., 17: Creative
expression kind of sneaks up on you when you
don't expect it.
ROL HICKS, READING, PA., 16: I tried to
capture "Lanie" in my mind, and then put
it on paper, which was the hard part. After
hundreds of tries, I came out with my entry.
JURIE WELBOURNE, WATERTOWN, WIS.:
The person in the picture I did is supposed
to be any one of the few good folkingers.
In a area he's facing is black, because it's
sometimes hard for a performer to see and
write to the people in his audience.
CHAE A. CRECHARD, MANITOWOC,
WIS., 17: I began developing an interest in
the verse and contemporary expression about
years ago upon some subtle prompting
from my English teacher. English teachers are
that. She expressed a genuine interest
in what I was doing and gave me the neces-
sary self-confidence to continue.
N. H., 14:
Most a year ago, I went through a weird
age. It's a time when a person realizes that
it is sort of real. Even now I might not
quite out of it. After this weird stage, a
person either grows and continues to learn
and mature, developing into more of a person,
or ends. He returns to the world of pre-tab
dies. and carbon-copied, mindless warm
days.
MARLE DICKINSON, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS,
ILL. 17: Writing poetry is a form of discipline
to me. Each day I try to write at least
a poem, and, consequently, have compiled
a collection of work. Having the respon-
sibility of writing each day builds up self-
control, diligence, strength of will, and self-
discipline.
J. GRAHAM, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.:
Life is just a part of me I can give away.

BOB SHERMAN, PORTLAND, ORE., 16: By using pencil and paper my thoughts have time to choose the "right" words. Oftentimes, when a person uses spoken words, he does not have the time to communicate exactly his feelings.

CATHY HESS, HUNTINGDON, PA., 19: "Life Goes On" is a statement about the eternity of the universe.

JAMIE E. MOREHOUSE, LEXINGTON, MASS.: I was in New York City when I saw a beautiful rickety old man weaving in and out of the traffic on an equally rickety old bicycle. I didn't have a camera, but I knew I wanted to save him, so I drew him instead.

ANDREW CRIPPS, TORONTO, ONT., 18: In my painting I'm not trying to get across any point of my own. All I'm doing is setting up a construction where the viewer must draw his own conclusion. "Peace Piece" is about nationalism, but it's up to you to say if it's pro or con.



BY GALE GRAHAM

soft lights, bright lights
candles lit in time . . .
the wind doth blow and you do bend
backbone you have none.
small light, big light
gently burning wick . . .
you do burn and you do drip
the tears of endless time.
thin wax, thick wax
melted by the flame
indifferent to your short life
my GOD . . . what of mine?

PEACE PIECE BY ANDREW CRIPPS

